

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

SOCIETIES, ETC.

TITUSVILLE BOARD OF TRADE—M. S. Jones, president; J. M. Dixon, treasurer; J. G. Bast, secretary. Meets second Wednesday night in each month at their rooms.

F. & A. M.—Indian River lodge, No. 90, holds its meetings the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month at the court house. A. A. Stewart, W. M.; F. A. Morgan, Sec'y.

CHURCHES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. B. F. Brown, Rector. Services second and fourth Sundays in each month at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:00 a. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. John A. Hughes, pastor. Sunday school, 10 a. m.; Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Preaching at Titusville second Sunday in each month, morning and evening. Prayer meetings every Wednesday evening at 7:00 o'clock. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:45 a. m. Indianola on the fourth Sunday; LaGrange on the first Sunday. E. N. BEMLEY Pastor

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E. Miekler, Pastor. Services first and third Sundays in each month at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sunday school each Sunday at 10 a. m.; Epworth league every Sunday at 3:30 p. m.; Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.; Ladies' Aid society meets each Wednesday at 3:00 p. m. Everybody welcome.

TOWN DIRECTORY.

TOWN OFFICERS—A. D. Penney, mayor; M. S. Jones Jr., marshal and tax collector; C. S. Schuyler, clerk and treasurer; John Henry, assessor; D. L. Gauden, F. A. Loeley, J. M. Dixon, W. E. Knox, Jno. E. Walker, councilmen. The council meets first Tuesday in each month.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICERS—D. L. Gauden, Titusville, county judge; M. Goldsmith, Titusville, prosecuting attorney; A. A. Stewart, Titusville, clerk circuit court; J. F. Wooten, Cocoa, tax assessor; E. W. Hall, Sharpes, tax collector; John Henry, Titusville, treasurer; J. H. Sams, Courtenay, superintendent public instruction; J. O. Fries, Titusville, county surveyor; J. P. Brown, Titusville, sheriff; T. J. Cockshutt, LaGrange, registration officer.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS—J. R. Walker, Titusville, chairman; W. H. Sharpe, Sharpes; Jos. Mendel, LaGrange; Jno. Houston, Eau Gallie; J. N. Waller, Akona. Regular sessions are held first Tuesday in each month.

COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD—J. M. Dixon, Titusville; S. F. Gibbs, Melbourne; R. E. Mims, Bonaventure.

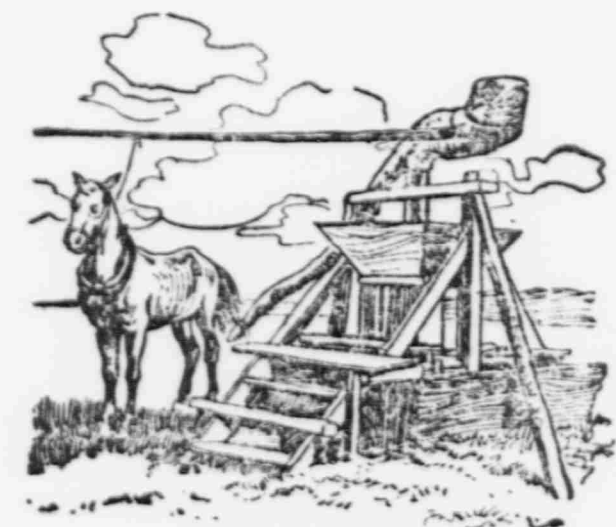
THE IDEAL SEASON OF FARM LIFE

Old Fashioned Methods and Modern Ways of Making Cider.

Special Correspondence of The Florida Star.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 9.—This is rider making time. There is a lull in the farm work. The hurry of harvest and the rush and roar of thrashing have passed. September saw the fallow field prepared for grain again. Apple blossoms passed through unyielding globes of green till the chemistry of time and sunlight, deep dews and gentle winds have filled the wide arms of the trees with great stores of luscious fruit.

If there is any poetry in practical farm life, this is the season of its



THE OLD CIDER MILL.

rhythmic beat. The gathering of apples appeals to all one's love of beauty. Maiden blushes have hung one cheek to the sun till it flames with delicious red. Russets are folded tight in a snug coat of brown, too close for removal for months to come, and even the seedlings are bending their branches with loads of fruit.

These are the days of the early frost, and the cold air of morning strikes a chill to the very marrow of one's bones. Boys remember the roundabout jacket they hung on the rail fence in the meadows yesterday while a warm sun filled the air with quivers of heat, and they wish it were here again. Girls hurry through the milking, their shoulder wrapped in a shawl that was scorned all summer, and gladly return to the kitchen fire. Breakfast is brief, but before it is over men are in the orchard shaking the branches with a vigor which sends down the fruit in a shower. Then all hands heap them into barrels which are put into wagons ready for the mill. There must be somewhat of judgment in the selection of fruit. "Mealy" apples are not wanted; juicy ones have the call. Not all must be sweet, but a strong proportion of some tart varieties must be mingled to insure a good quality of cider. The harder winter varieties are not wanted, for their juices are not matured and leaves a bitter twang on the tongue. Ripe fruit is needed, and apples that are far from toothsome themselves often make excellent cider. The unclassified "white apple" tree is freighted with fruit and yields almost

a wagon load. Winesaps, just bursting with excellence, lie thick underfoot, and the long, slim branches, almost bare of leafage, tell of the coming winter. A board with cleats on either side is laid across the wagon box, cushioned with a buffalo robe, and offered as a seat to the boys, for cider making without children would be an anomaly.

And that ride to the mill! The distant forest has changed from deep green to crimson and brown. The hedgerows are swaying slightly and dropping leaves with every motion. The oak trees by the roadside have painted their foliage a rich wine color, and the hickory that stands on the "line fence row" sends down shelled nuts as the wagon passes. Hazel bushes hold up great handfuls of brown treasures in wide open husks and tempt the boys to desert the apple laden wagon for a raid on the thin shelled meats. Squirrels are bolder. Frosts have warned them of cheerless days when the improvident must suffer, and they scamper along the brown top rails of the fences with pouches full of provisions. Weeds have granted a truce and ceased growing and stand with drooping head, as if regretting the work they gave the husbandman. Corn is maturing. Its tassels have lost their luster and waft withered blossoms to the soft, warm ground. The blades have caught the blighting frost and bend their broad, velvety surface in sheer regret. Through the long aisles of the cornfield vagrant breezes stray, and the tall, slender maize bows with a hum of homage and a rustle of respectful applause that are heard by the boys on the wagon.

The roads are level and hard and smooth; the dust is heavy and does not rise. The air is clear as an ocean cavern, and sounds from the wood drift across the brown fields, mellowed but audible, and over all swings the haze of glorious Indian summer. Far away banks of blue smoke hide the outlines of the hills, and earth is one mirage of heaven.

Boys and bees are about the cider press. The wagon draws up to the hopper, and the hired man scoops pippin and seedling into the iron teeth of the mill. They use factory made mills now with painted post and cast steel gearings, but at the old fashioned farm apples were crushed between two great cylinders of wood revolving together by means of rude oaken cogs and turned deliberately by a pair of horses that had learned soberness in the passage of years. The pulp fell in a vat and was shoveled from there into a cone held in place by long withes of rye straw. No one could build a "cheese" of crushed apples like the old farmer, and the white hair that scantily sheltered his brow was bared to the breeze as he heaped up the apples higher and higher, then loosened the pegs in an upright post and allowed the weight of a lengthened beam to rest on the cone he had fashioned. Cider came with a rush from the broad board bottom and spurted in little streams from crevices in the rye. It was guided into barrels with funnels of wood, growing clearer as the long sweep of the lever neared the ground and filling to satiety the beehives of bees and great bluebottle flies that followed its receding edge.

The mill is usually crowded. Happy the boy whose chance of waiting is greatest. He revels a long afternoon in quantities of sweet cider that would be a death warrant to a man, eats turnover pies, refusing bread and apple butter, and chases his fellow through the strange barns and over the fresh and fragrant hay. He hears the summons to go at last, and the short day is ended. He mounts to his wagon—now empty save for the heavy barrels—and rides home through the gathering twilight.

Cider making time is the harbinger of winter. The ripening corn is assailed by the men. The stalks are severed with great blades of steel and bound together in shocks whose generous girth is their only warrant of stability. Great fields of maize that stood like an army of wealth bearers in open rank have been massed in solid squares. A little later the frosts have hardened the corn, and the wagon is driven into the field and sent down one row, while on either side labors a man husking the ears in friendly rivalry of speed and leaving the weight on the broken "down row" to catch up if he can. Corn is the last crop gathered. Idyllic wheat is safe in the bin. It has run the risk of ten months' time, weathered the storms and burned in the sun, and if it be not treacherous has yielded fairly well. But corn is the farmer's firmest friend. From June to October it has culminated the ground and in that brief season has demanded constant care, but now that "ragged husks reveal the golden grain" it gives full golden payment five times told. It is heaped in cribs, drinking the air through narrow crevices. It is fed to the stock which finds a home on the farm and is started away in a tiny stream to the great market to make a part of that problematic "visible supply." It can always be relied on to bring some good return. Winter may kill the wheat or rust or blight it just on the eve of harvest, but corn, as a rule, comes through its trials with broad banner flying and pays its way.

With the close of cider making time comes the gradual gathering of the

forces that shall combat the winter. Wood is stored into sheds in long ranks for arctic nights; repairs are made; implements are drawn to shelter. The cattle are fed with more generous hands, and tired horses begin to reap their reward. Even the fowls find this the heyday of life. Hens in crackling gratitude inaugurate the laying season once again and forsake with nature's heartlessness chicks for whom they used to forage. The sheep have gained once more their woolly coat and fail to recognize the fleece that once was



FRESH FROM THE PRESS.

theirs. Housewives greet the growing cold with consciousness of preparation. Youths look forward to long nights of pure enjoyment. Memories of bright eyes that glowed in plowing time, of favors won in June, of bashful greetings as the summer waned—all these come back with Indian summer, and all the best of life and love grow brightest as the year grows old. The fruits are gathered, and the spoil of summer is safely housed, and all the earth is at peace in cider making time.

T. E. McGRATH.

It May Save Your Life.

A dose or two of Foley's Honey and Tar will prevent an attack of pneumonia grip or severe cold if taken in time. Cures coughs, colds, croup, la grip, hoarseness, difficult breathing, whooping cough, incipient consumption, asthma or bronchitis. Gives positive relief in advanced stages of consumption, asthma or bronchitis. Guaranteed. B. R. Wilson & Son.

German and Russian warships have left Taku, it is believed, for the purpose of attacking Shan-Kai-Kwan.

Torturing skin eruptions, burns and sores are soothed at once and promptly healed by applying DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles, beware of worthless counterfeits, Wilson & Son.

Hanna has deposed Platt and forced the New York leaders to recognize him as boss in the state.

No other pills can equal DeWitt's Little Early Risers for promptness, certainty and efficiency. Wilson & Son.

In the past year, according to authority, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Cornell Universities expended \$304,243 on athletics.

The best method of cleansing the liver is the use of the famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers, easy to take, never gripe, Wilson & Son.

Five native Porto Ricans who are now citizens of Baltimore, were allowed to register in that city as "natives by annexation" awaiting the decision of the court.

A Short Sad Story.

A cold, Neglect, Pneumonia. Grief Had Foley's Honey and Tar been used this story would have had a happier ending. 25 and 50c at B. R. Wilson & Son's.

Twenty Years Proof.

Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and cleanse the system of all impurities. An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

"Can't do without them"

R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured. **Tutt's Liver Pills**

NOTICE.

To all whom it may concern:

Thirty days after this date I will, on behalf of the State of Florida, execute a tax deed to Ida Butler for the following described land, to-wit:

North 1/2 of south 1/2 of Wm. Garvin grant, section 37, township 29 south, ranges 34 and 35 east, containing 200 acres, sold for taxes July 4th, 1898, unless good cause be shown me on or before October 20th, 1900, why I should not issue said deed.

This September 28th, 1900.

[SEAL] A. A. STEWART, Clerk Circuit Court, Brevard County, Fla.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

IS A FIRM WALL OF DEFENSE

Foley & Co.:

GENTLEMEN—I had a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I tried a number of advertised remedies and several physicians, but received no benefit. I was in despair when Foley's Honey and Tar was recommended, but a few doses gave great relief. I could sleep and the hacking cough ceased. Two bottles cured me entirely. It saved my life.

S. F. FRITZ,
677 Sedgwick St., Chicago, Ill.

AGAINST COLDS AND COUGHS
and their results,
PNEUMONIA AND CONSUMPTION

B. R. WILSON & SON.

Strengthens

System,
Body, Brain,
and Nerves.



WIN MARIANI
(MARIANI WINE)

No other preparation has ever received so many voluntary testimonials from eminent people as the world-famous Mariani Wine.

Gives Appetite,
Produces Refreshing Sleep,
A Safeguard Against Mental Diseases.

For overworked men, delicate women, sickly children this healthful, invigorating and stimulating tonic has no equal.

DOSE—A small wine-glass full three times a day.

Sold by all druggists. Refuse substitutes.

LAST SEASON

We sold a few hundred Universal Railway Bicycle Attachments, introducing a number of them in each State in the Union. This good seed of an excellent product planted in the fertile soil of an appreciative public has grown so to speak, from the infant of yesterday to the giant of to-day.

The demand this season for this wonderful machine is unparalleled. Our factory has been taxed to its utmost capacity, running night and day. Nearly everywhere we have sent one sample machine it has sold hundreds. Our agents have literally coined money. This growing greatness enables us now to give better value to our patrons. Our productions are nearer perfection than ever—the best that mechanical skill with long training in the service can produce. Every one who rides a bicycle wants a Universal Bicycle Attachment. No bicycle is complete without one.

This wonderful device enables a bicycle to be ridden on the rails of any railway track with perfect ease and safety.

The Universal Bicycle Attachment can be attached or detached to any bicycle in 3 minutes.

The weight of the Universal Bicycle Attachment is but ten pounds.

The Universal Bicycle Attachment can be adjusted to any gauge track.

The Universal Bicycle Attachment can be telescoped and carried on the bicycle when not riding on the track, and we provide with each machine a carrying case for this purpose.

The Universal Bicycle Attachment is ball bearing throughout.

The Universal Bicycle Attachment is rubber tired.

The Universal Bicycle Attachment can be ridden at a speed of 25 miles per hour by an inexperienced rider.

It is impossible for the Universal Bicycle Attachment to run off the track, as the front wheel is held perfectly rigid by a special device.

The Universal Bicycle Attachment can be attached to either tandem or single wheel, either ladies or gents.

Baggage to the amount of 125 pounds can be carried on this machine.

The Universal Bicycle Attachments are furnished in black, maroon, blue, or olive green, or will be nickel plated, 70 cents extra.

The Universal Bicycle Attachment provides the easiest method of traveling by human power.

The Universal Bicycle Attachments are used on nearly every railway in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, and nearly every civilized country on the globe.

CAN THE RAILROADS OBJECT TO THE RIDER UTILIZING THEIR TRACKS?

The question has been asked, can a Railroad Co. recover damages for the use upon their track should they feel so disposed. In order to answer these questions properly, we have consulted the best authorities in the country.

With the result that no successful action can be maintained unless actual damage can be proven, and the statutes of the different states contain no provision of a violation of which would result in actual damages. As a legal proposition a railroad is a quasi-public highway, and the traveler thereon is not necessarily a trespasser. But in the event of his being a trespasser would not remove the necessity of proving actual damages before a recovery could be had in any case, and the rubber tires of a bicycle might roll upon the steel rails of a railroad for centuries without injuring the rails. The bicycle not being restricted to any particular use may be operated upon the wagon road as well as upon a railroad, which makes untenable an action upon any theory than for actual damages incurred, and defeats a claim for injury to track. Some companies would lead people who are less enlightened upon the subject to believe they could impose a fine and imprisonment in such cases, and have published notices to that effect, but these notices operate only to relieve the company from liability in case of an accident, and are sent out solely for this purpose.

GRAND SPECIAL OFFER CUT THIS OUT

and we will allow you a rebate of \$7.50 on your order for a sample machine. Mail it to us with your order enclosing \$7.50 for a sample and we will assign you an exclusive territory for the sale of this wonderful machine, if the territory you ask for has not already been assigned. This offer not good unless accompanied by \$7.50 and a copy of this advertisement.

This offer is only made with a view to introduce our machine in territory in which it has not been thoroughly introduced. Place your order to-day. Our responsibility—we refer you to any bank or banker in New York or Chicago, to commercial agencies or any reputable business house in New York or Chicago.

THE UNIVERSAL CO., 205 E. Lake St., Chicago.

EASIEST METHOD OF TRAVELING BY HUMAN POWER.

Indispensable to Section-men, Station-men, Linemen, Road Agents, Telegraph Operators and Everyone connected with a RAILROAD.

Indispensable to every man who rides a bicycle. Makes cycling a pleasure the year round, regardless of mud, rain or snow.

Price \$15.00.

Weight 10 lbs.

Attached or

detached in

3 minutes.

